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GAR SQUARE.

NOW THE LEGISLATURE.
A bill has been introduced in the Assembly at Albany making it mandatory for the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company to ventilate and light the Fourth Avenue Tunnel. It was offered by Assemblyman SILEN, a fearless young man, who will champion it in this branch of the Legislature. The Evening World purposes to follow the course of this bill, to keep an alert eye for any attempt at unfair lobbying and to expose any unrighteous schemes that may be set afoot to defeat the will of the people. The fight to make the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe is based on necessity, justice and humanity.

The bill is fair and moderate. It asks that the Legislature shall make a law ordering that the tunnel shall be ventilated by such mechanical or other devices or appliances as shall keep it clear of smoke, steam and such other atmospheric impurities as render traffic dangerous, and that it shall be lighted and kept sufficiently lighted by electric or other lights so prevent the collisions of trains or other accidents in said tunnel and to enable locomotive engineers or other employees of said steam railroad, operating trains in said tunnel, to see any obstructions on the tracks." The bill's object is to prevent any more tunnel disasters and to insure the travelling public against the risk of slaughter that they run daily on this road.

Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY, the Company's President, said at the Coroner's inquest that the Company's management was perfectly willing to make the tunnel light, but wanted the Legislature to direct it to first. What the New York Central will now do may be watched with interest.

The fight of the public against this great and unbending corporation goes on apace, and it right lends weight and strength victory should perch on its banners.

INVESTIGATION NECESSARY.

An investigation should be made into the charges against JOSEPH BARONDESS, who was accused of planning the attack against GREENBAUM's Jamaica clockmaking establishment. The failure of the Queens County Grand Jury to indict him makes it necessary. On the night of BARONDESS's arrest, Inspector BRAVER gave out a detailed statement that BARONDESS was present at a meeting at 385 Bowery, on the night of March 7th; that he sent a man out to buy a violin; that he distributed to the rioters, and, indeed, gave BARONDESS's alleged remarks. The Inspector's informant, he said, was a striking clockmaker who was present. On the night of March 7th BARONDESS was in Newark, and there was no meeting at 385 Bowery. Then it was said that the meeting was at 131 Allen street on March 8th, and one ISAAC WEINSTEIN was brought forward as the police's informant. Before the Queens County Grand Jury yesterday, WEINSTEIN said he knew nothing personally about BARONDESS, and had got all his information from the newspapers. There is something about the case that has a queer look. WEINSTEIN did sign an affidavit before a Jamaica police magistrate implicating BARONDESS, whether or not he knew what the affidavit contained. Yesterday WEINSTEIN was discharged. If he committed perjury, he should be punished. But if he did not—it is here that investigation is necessary.

WILL PARNELL RESIGN?

Mr. HEALY has declared himself ready to accept Mr. PARNELL's proposal that they should both resign their seats in Parliament and put the popularity of their respective claims upon the people to the test by their coming forward as candidates for re-election. The Parnellites of Cork have telegraphed to Mr. PARNELL pressing him for a prompt announcement of what he means to do in the face of Mr. HEALY's acceptance of his proposal. The Irish cause is suffering here in America from the confusion in that country rising from the rivalry between the leaders. The difference in feeling towards the late Irish envoys and that felt for the partisans of Mr. PARNELL, who are now in this country soliciting contributions, is already noticeable. Thirty thousand dollars were subscribed to the former at his first reception; seventeen hundred dollars to the latter. Mr. NORMAN, the Baltimore delegate to the Irish National League, says Mr. PARNELL's envoys have little to expect from that city and advise them to go home until the leadership is settled. Certainly they will do little good to Mr. PARNELL by bringing out a disinclination to contribute on the part of Irish sympathizers here. What the real

THE UTOPIAN HORROR.

The divers who are at work on the sunken steamship Utopia tell appalling things of what the wreck reveals. The corpses are crowded into the hatchways, the victims having packed themselves into a solid mass in their mad rush for safety. The captain of the ill-fated boat has been arrested for neglect and mismanagement. If the disaster is imputable to him he should be held to a rigid account. The two seamen of the Immortalite who lost their lives in rescuing the Utopia's passengers have been buried with the most imposing ceremonies at Gibraltar. Such splendid honors to the heroism of two common sailors is a beautiful commentary on the sensibility of the human heart to any really great generosity.

OUR NAVY IS LOOKING UP.

Mr. BILES, a prominent member of the Council of Naval Architects, at its annual meeting in London yesterday read a paper in which he praised the Navy of the United States for its well-organized condition. American designers and builders were commended, and our new boats were declared the equal of England's. Mr. BILES admitted the superior armament of our battle-ships over that of the English ships of the same class, and that the speed for the fastest American cruiser is greater than that of England's swiftest boat. This is encouraging, and from an admitted authority on the subject, who has carefully studied our navy. If we keep on we will have something to be proud of.

TEMEKENT-HOUSE FIRES.

Another temekent-house fire, following immediately on the same kind of horror, and loss of lives in both instances, cannot fail to arouse a feeling of horror in the community. These inflammable structures, stuffed with human beings, burn so rapidly that the wonder is that more lives are not sacrificed. Too great care cannot be exercised in these tenements. A fire is usually discovered to be due to carelessness. Such awful examples, coming in rapid succession, should have some influence in making tenants in these crowded dwellings watchful.

Columbia will send interesting antiquities to the World's Fair, which have been dug up within her boundaries. Things which antedated the discovery of America are not as much in order as what pertains to the country since it was discovered. It is our own progress that we want the world to learn from the showing at the World's Fair.

Kaiser WILHELM is said to be engaged on a life of his grandfather. There is nothing, apparently, which the young Emperor regards as beyond his capacity. He seems to feel that the glory of the old Emperor reflects upon himself. The critics may give WILHELM a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour if he rushes into print in this way.

A Hoboken minister has been charged with drinking to excess. He had been forced to leave his former charge for the same fault. He had better take the pledge or abandon the ministry. Intemperance is not an edifying accompaniment to clerical labors.

Quick on the announcement of the new Ramsay establishment, the Storm King House, at Cornwall, this State, comes the report of a death there. The public is accustomed, by the previous record of Ramsay, to mortality among the objects of his care.

SPOTLETS.

"The malle of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine," is thought by mill hands to be equally true of the mills of men. Corduroy, Turkish embroideries, Bulgarian work and hinged pincushes are all used for covering sofa pillows and cushions. Mrs. Sarah L. Rorer, of Denver, the Pennsylvania cooking school, can beat all New England making bread and coffee. The first requisite for that delicious beverage is, in her estimation, a bright, shining clean pot; the next is coffee. She kneads her bread five times and uses sweet milk to mix it with when she wishes it to be superior.

Miss Clara Burton says: "It is a good idea to give women a chance to be heard on topics outside of dress and fashion. It is humiliating to a woman of brains and opinion to arrive in a strange city, and after being interviewed find her dress and manners described at length, while her brain is not even mentioned. How do you suppose Chauncey Dewey and men of his calibre would feel to go into a town and find the cut of their trousers, the shade and pattern of their dresses minutely described, with the style of coat and necktie, and the hair combed and detailed at length, while not a word was said of his reputation as an orator or railroad man? What do you suppose Dewey would say? It is just the same with women. It is humiliating for women of wide experience to find their garb of more account than their opinions."

A Lightning Conductor.

Telegraph Operator—We'll have to give up sending messages so much per word. We'll have to charge by the letter in future if we want to make money. Master—Why? Operator—Read this message of ten words to the Boston agent to be sent to her brother: "Contemptible psychological investigation necessitates suppressing metaphysical abuse. Transact appropriate dissertations."

A Case of Real Distress.

Tommy—Ma, you must get me a new pair of shoes. I've got a hole in one of my shoes. Mother—It is a big hole. Tommy—Yes, but I'm looking through it this morning going to school.

Progress Is Not an Accident.

Or a product of luck, but a result of nature, like an opening flower, said Herbert Spencer, who attacked by Darwinism the theory of the necessity for relief from the terrible pressure of social conditions. Progress is not an accident, but a result of nature, like an opening flower, said Herbert Spencer, who attacked by Darwinism the theory of the necessity for relief from the terrible pressure of social conditions. Progress is not an accident, but a result of nature, like an opening flower, said Herbert Spencer, who attacked by Darwinism the theory of the necessity for relief from the terrible pressure of social conditions.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Louis of France Capes—Trains on Walking Skirts—Fads of Accoutrements—The Queen of Bread Makers—A Plea for Women's Opinions.

The capes of all the Louis of France are being reproduced in broad cloth, fancy brocade and satin. They are turning collars and ruffled shoulders. They are lined with beautiful silk fabrics and closed with an ornate clasp. This is all very lovely, for they are ten times easier to fit and make than a jacket.



All the little girls in Mrs. Hamilton Twombly's family have Vanderbilts for their middle name.

Miss Gertrude Griswold is hostess at one of the most delightful and entertaining salons in New York. The last evening occurred on Wednesday in March and April and are directed by Dr. L. A. Barall, who leads in the discussion of current art, literature and morality. Preceding the intellectual excellent music is furnished by the hostess, and professional and amateur talent and recitations and short plays will be introduced later. Subscription tickets are \$1, but only invited guests have the privilege of buying them.

The swish of the walking skirt is heard in the land. Every new gown lengthened and widened to a matter of a moon or two before the long trains are back again for street as well as house wear.

Nearly every great artist gives herself airs and pats a pad of some sort. Ellen Terry never travels ten miles without her tea caddy. Mme. Patti goes over land and sea with a maid at her heels carrying a toilet cabinet filled with perfumed grease and distilled raindrops for her bath and toilet. Mme. Bernhardt has her snakes and Lily Langtry a small apparatus with spirit lamp and alcohol, and a small apparatus for the vapor baths which she takes to keep her complexion in shape. Miss Hackett is a well-known fact. She buys this toasted rack by the dozen cases and carries them every place she goes. Year in and year out she makes her luncheon on a cup of cereal and a couple of pieces of this crisp, dry, sweet toast.

The Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. J. E. Ellis, and several other ladies, have responded to an appeal by Mrs. W. N. Ball to aid in the maintenance of a lady to work among the 800 cigar and hotelier girls at Blackwall Toward. Miss Brocklehurst, of Folkestone, has been appointed to the work.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Custer has been as much paragoned as any woman in the country, excepting mistresses of the White House. Speaking on the subject not long ago, she said, "I never seem able to keep my heart from turning to a somewhat when I see my name in print."

Scalloped shells in plates silver are 500 a dozen. Aside from fish, they can be used for fish, peddlings, etc. Corduroy, Turkish embroideries, Bulgarian work and hinged pincushes are all used for covering sofa pillows and cushions.

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Not Exactly A Scarecrow.

From Judge. "I don't know much about the duty on tobacco, but I can tell you something about the duty on sugar." "I don't know much about the duty on tobacco, but I can tell you something about the duty on sugar." "I don't know much about the duty on tobacco, but I can tell you something about the duty on sugar."

Reins are due.

to wash-day, unless you wash with Pearline. It's the washing in the old way with soap and rub, rub, that makes the holes in your clothes. You can't get them clean without rubbing; you can't rub without wearing them out. A month of ordinary use won't make the wear and tear of one such washing.

Try a Little Pearline—without soap.

The dirt comes out easily and quickly without rubbing. There's no need to drag it out by main strength—there's nothing to hurt your clothes, no matter how delicate. There's no hard work about it, either. It's easy washing—both for the woman who washes and the things that are washed. It's safe washing, too. Pearline removes the dirt, but won't harm anything else.

Beware of imitations. 180 JAMES FYLE, N.Y.

HEARD AMONG THE PLAYERS.

A Story of Henry Aveling's Remarkable Recklessness.

The Brooklynite's Funny Thought About "The Repertoire."

Henry Hunting yesterday told a story illustrating the remarkable recklessness of Henry Aveling, whose suicide was the only subject of the Herald's discussion. Said Mr. Hunting: "We were playing at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and were stopping at a queer little hotel. One evening I was in my room writing at a little table, Aveling came in. He had been drinking, and looked rather excited. On the table, about a foot from my elbow, was an empty whiskey bottle. As I was writing I heard Aveling say, 'I wonder if I could hit that, and before I could move, he had whipped out a revolver. He fired, and the bullet went between the bottle and myself. 'What a shot!' he exclaimed, this time aiming the bottle into his. I was a little bit startled, and he was growing more excited all the time. I begged him to get out, but he laughed, and standing by the door, he fired two shots in succession. Then I tried to lure him away. 'You are not feeling well,' I said, 'let's come and take a walk.' 'You think I've finished?' he asked, with a leer. 'I've a pocket full of cartridges,' he showed me. In fact, that he had. I wondered where it would all end. Think of a hotel in which such a row would be tolerated. Finally, I managed to get out of the room, thankful that I was alive. The next morning, I was told that Aveling had been shot dead. He had fired a shot at himself, and the bullet had gone into his heart. He had been drinking, and looked rather excited. On the table, about a foot from my elbow, was an empty whiskey bottle. As I was writing I heard Aveling say, 'I wonder if I could hit that, and before I could move, he had whipped out a revolver. He fired, and the bullet went between the bottle and myself. 'What a shot!' he exclaimed, this time aiming the bottle into his. I was a little bit startled, and he was growing more excited all the time. I begged him to get out, but he laughed, and standing by the door, he fired two shots in succession. Then I tried to lure him away. 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